

THE BOURBON NEWS.
PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY.
SWIFT CHAMP, EDITOR AND OWNER.
Friday, February 15, 1901.

Local reports from Madison, Warren and a few other counties say the present outlook for the wheat crop is very discouraging and a large shortage is expected.

On motion of the counsel for the defendant in the case of the Commonwealth against Claude Chinn, Clerk of Fayette county, was continued by the Court of Appeals until Monday, March 11.

The House and Senate, in joint session Wednesday, canvassed the election vote for President, and declared William McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt duly elected. No vote was disputed.

The Democratic Executive Committee of the Twenty-second district, composed of Woodford, Scott and Jessamine counties, met at Versailles, Wednesday and called a district convention to meet at Georgetown April 9 to nominate a candidate for State Senator.

We ask the indulgence of our readers for a short time to the inferior quality of the paper. The News is printed on a Cincinnati to a home print we purchased from a paper drummer a stock of paper sufficient to run us a month. The paper proved to be far inferior in quality to what we supposed it to be, and as soon as the stock on hand has been exhausted the next order will be for a better quality.

The News wishes it distinctly understood that it is not responsible for the views taken by its contributors. Our columns are open at all times to communications from any person, providing it is of a suitable nature for publication, but in no case will we assume responsibility for the views expressed therein. The columns of a newspaper should be at all times public property, open to every one to express his or her views upon any subject, but at the same time should not be made the subject of criticism by those who do not agree with the views of the writer.

MATTHEW MATRIMONIAL.
The Wedding of Miss Katherine McCreary Bronston, to Mr. Guy Scott Warren, of St. Louis, which occurred Tuesday evening at Christ Church Cathedral, in Lexington, was a most beautiful affair.

The Lexington Leader gives a very beautiful account of the wedding of Miss Katherine McCreary Bronston, to Mr. Guy Scott Warren, of St. Louis, which occurred Tuesday evening at Christ Church Cathedral, in Lexington. The bride was one of the most popular young ladies of Lexington society and the second daughter of Hon. Chas. J. Bronston. The wedding ceremonies were elaborate and very beautiful in every particular. The church was profusely decorated with palms and growing plants, the chancel rails entwined in smilax and asparagus and the pulpit a mass of ferns and cut flowers. There were about twenty-five in the wedding party. The gowns of the bridesmaids were very handsome and artistic and the wedding gown was of Duchess satin with court train, bodice of chiffon and real lace, and tulle veil caught up in graceful folds with a diamond star, gift of her father. Miss Nannie Clay, of this city, who was one of the bridesmaids, was given in marriage with point lace and guinea velvet. The ceremony at the church was followed by a reception at the home of the bride's father, Hon. C. J. Bronston, on Second street, where congratulations were extended to the bride and groom, and a sumptuous wedding supper was served. Mr. Charlton Alexander, also of this city, was among those who attended the wedding.

Mr. Samuel M. Ellis, aged 26, and Miss Lida E. Young, aged 21, both of Mayville, were married yesterday. The marriage of Mr. Ellis and Miss Young was celebrated at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Thompson, both of Little Rock, who were solemnized at the Little Rock Christian Church on Wednesday afternoon, February 20 at three o'clock.

At the Christian Church parsonage Wednesday afternoon, Elder Lloyd Davis united in marriage Miss Etta Anderson, of Montgomery County, to Mr. Charles Chaney, of Millersburg. They left on the afternoon train for Cincinnati, and will be at home after March first on their farm, the Skinner place, near Raddicks Mills, this County.

Mr. E. R. Berry, a popular hardware merchant, and Miss Kitty Wood, both of Sharpburg, were married yesterday morning at eleven o'clock at the home of Mr. John Gass, Pleasant street. Rev. Chas. performed the ceremony in his usual impressive manner. Miss Wood is the very attractive niece of Hon. A. W. Wood, of Mt. Sterling. Mr. and Mrs. Berry left on the 11:05 train for a wedding trip.

Stock and Crop.

Amos Turney is at the Memphis, Tenn., track with a string of his horses. The present freeze is the hardest that has come on the wheat this season, and makes it look pretty brown.

Mr. Henry Thompson, of the Clintonville precinct, had an ewe give birth to four lambs. This is said by stock men to be a very unusual occurrence.

The great Arion will be placed on exhibition at Wilson's stable for a few days during the Woodard & Shanklin sale, and then will be taken to Glenridge, the farm of Mr. Listerspoon, at Versailles. Arion is the horse that Mr. J. Malcolm Forbes, of Boston, bought of Senator Stanford for \$120,000, the highest price ever paid for a horse.

Mr. Algonquin Dingerfield has purchased two yearlings for Mr. P. J. Dwyer, President of the Brooklyn Club, from Captain James B. Clay. One is a colt by Handspring, out of Mon Dred, for which was paid \$2,500, and the other is a filly by Handspring, out of War Maiden, for which was paid \$1,500. The animals will remain in Kentucky for some time.

At the Fair-Tipton horse sale in New York, Wednesday night the stallion Gayton, bred of the Allertons, with a trotting record of 2:08 1/4, was sold to Karl Plattner, of Vienna, for \$900.00. Anacosta, pacer, record 2:02 1/2, was purchased by E. B. Rice, of Boston, for \$600.00. The number of horses sold was eighty-three head, for a total of \$44,375, average \$534.68 per head.

MILLERSBURG.

Before you buy call and see farm wagon at Collier Bros.
Mr. Ed Martin and E. P. Clarke are in Cincinnati on business.
Mr. Jos. A. Grimes has not been so well for the past week.
Richard Butler left Wednesday for Ford to work for L. & N.
Sanford Carpenter shipped 30 extra large hives to Atlanta, Tuesday.
Miss Salia McIntyre is home for a few days from her school at Carlisle.
Mr. T. P. Wadell was in Lexington Tuesday and Wednesday on business.
Miss Bettie Brent Johnson, of Paris, is visiting her cousin, Miss Anna L. Best.
Miss Clifford, of Jacksonville, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. McKenney, near town.
Mr. Arthur Talbott and Miss Jimmie Gregory from near Cincinnati will wed on the 21st.
Miss Lydia Brown returned from a two-weeks' visit with friends at Cincinnati and Berry.

Miss Lydia Clarke returned Monday from a week's visit in Lexington with her cousin, Miss Anna Pierce.
Mrs. Ed Hall and daughter, are still with her mother, Mrs. Overton, at Flemingsburg. She is no better.
The Cadets of the M. M. I. will give an entertainment in the college chapel, March 1st. Every one invited.

Mr. Will Peed, of Sharpburg, is here to see Miss Melva Peed, who was burnt some two weeks ago. She is not so well.
Whittington Mann, of Paris, was down Wednesday to see his aunt, Miss Mary Mann, who does not improve much.

Mr. Geo. Best, of Shelby county, is here to see his brother, Dr. I. R. Best, who is still very ill, and no hopes of recovery.
The Dewey Photograph Co. is now in the Bryan building for a few days. Good photographs at 25c per dozen. Give us a call.

Mrs. Bettie Bowden, Mrs. Will Allen, of Paris, Mrs. E. A. Allen, of Louisville, were guests of Mrs. Nancy Allen and Mr. and Mrs. Royce Allen, Tuesday and Wednesday.
The colored school closed here Tuesday night with three graduates—Frank P. Lewis, Lucile Jefferson and Hattie B. Mayberry. The exercises were good and were a credit to the teachers, Mrs. L. P. Bowen and G. P. Hughes.

Mr. John Ryan, of Steel's Ford, and Miss Katie Ryan, of Nicholas, were married Tuesday at the Catholic Church, Carlisle, and left on a bridal trip to Columbus, Ohio. Mrs. John Ryan and Mike Thornton, of Paris, attended the wedding.

First President in New Century.

Will be inaugurated at Washington, D. C., March 4th. A chance to attend at small special fare may be enjoyed by going via Pennsylvania Short Lines, where reduced rate tickets will be sold March 1st, 2d and 3d. For details address C. H. Hagerty, D. P. Agt., Louisville or Geo. E. Rockwell, A. G. P. Agt., Cincinnati, O.

Men You Should See Will Be There.

The Presidential Inauguration at Washington will attract noted statesmen and persons you read about in the papers every day. Take advantage of the opportunity to see them by going on low fare tickets which will be sold via Pennsylvania Short Lines to Washington, March 1st, 2d and 3d. C. H. Hagerty, D. P. Agt., Louisville, Ky., or Geo. E. Rockwell, A. G. P. Agt., Cincinnati, O., will answer inquiries about fares and through trains.

The Rambler.

A great many people were surprised that the picture of Mrs. Nation did not show her to be hatched-faced.

Occasionally you will find people so sure that they are welcome anywhere that they would break in on a newly married couple.

"Well, you look as though something pleasant had happened. Has that mine investment in turned out to be all right after all?"

"No, By George, this is something better than mine! We put our baby to sleep at 6 o'clock last night and he never woke up till nearly 4 this morning!"

"Who has not heard of the groundhog? He is no chicken for he never winks. He lives in a hole, not a hollow log, and he keeps one eye on the weather."

From the above it is evident that his shadow is not the only thing that might cause the groundhog to hibernate.

OBITUARY.

Miss Lida Chinn, of near Jacksonville, died Monday night of pneumonia. Funeral services were held yesterday at her late home yesterday by Eld. Hawkins. Burial at Georgetown Cemetery.

MALCOLM BOWSELL'S residence on the Hume & Bedford pike was destroyed by fire this week. Insurance \$1,000.

The I. O. O. F. team will have practice work in the initiatory degree Friday night, members requested to be present.

The Communion of the Lord's Supper will be observed at the First Presbyterian Church on Sunday morning. The Communion Service will be held Sunday morning at 10:45 o'clock.

The Louisville and Nashville Railway Company Tuesday paid into the State Treasury \$110,539.75 for taxes on its taxable property in Kentucky for the year 1900. This tax was on an assessment made by the State Railroad Commissioner in September of last year.

Cumberland Co. Gets Another Franchise.

The North Middleton City Council yesterday granted a franchise to the Cumberland Telephone and Telegraph Company to erect a telephone plant and exchange in that city. Work will be begun immediately on it and completed in about two months.

There was never such a chance for bargains in millinery of every description as Mrs. Corne Watson offers at her auction sale, commencing to-morrow morning. Everything will be sold for what it will bring.

Notice To The Public.

Back Freeman, the up-to-date barber can always be found and will remain at his barber shop on Main street, ready to wait on you. Call and try his bath rooms. Everything at his shop is strictly first-class.

The Twentieth Century Woman.

"We are twentieth century women at last, with the power of privilege and responsibility which enriches woman in this wonderful era, and I have no hesitation in declaring that we are no more fortunate than any of our predecessors," writes Margaret E. Sangst, in 'The Ladies' Home Journal.' "Our grandmothers and great-grandmothers were handicapped in their girlhood by a thousand prejudices and cast in traditional roles, forced which we are emancipated. They had neither the wide field of activity nor our possibility of thorough preparation for life. They had not our strong health nor our immunity from nervous irritation. The heroines of the past could not be expected to a shower. They could not walk over a frosty meadow because of their thin kid shoes and come into the house muddy and bedraggled after a morning's tramp which we would take without the slightest inconvenience in our short skirts and thick boots."

Flushing Women's Clubhouse.

The Good Government League of Flushing, N. Y., will not see its new clubhouse materialize for another year. A plot of ground had been donated to the league on condition that it be promptly built upon. It was in a restricted neighborhood, the owners of all the property owners holding land near and adjacent to it could not be obtained to permit a public building on the property. This being the case, by the terms of the deed of gift the land should have been returned to the donor, but the latter allowed the clubwomen to make a sale of the parcel and apply the proceeds to the purchase of a lot elsewhere in the town. This has been done, and the work will now go rapidly forward. It is expected and known that the work of the league will be well known in behalf of civic enterprises, will be much increased when it can be centered in its own building. New York Post.

Stitching New Details.

Stitching or sewing of substantial character with large and heavy heads find a new feminine employment. The popular fashion of passing narrow belting ribbon twice around the waist and crossing the ends in front makes them just the affair needed to thrust through the crossed ribbon.

Why a Doctor is Needed.

Sir Lyon Playfair, who represented the University of Edinburgh for 17 years, naturally came in contact with the most eminent men of England, and he put this question to most of them, "Did you in your extensive practice ever know a patient who was afraid to die?" With two exceptions, it seems they answered "No." One of these exceptions was Sir Benjamin Brodie, who said he had seen one case. The other was Sir Robert Christison, who had seen one case, that of a girl of bad character who had a sudden accident.

The Discovery of Iron.

Teacher-Sammy, can you tell me where and how iron was first discovered? Sammy—I can't tell you just where, sir, but I think I know how it was discovered.

Teacher-Well, Sammy, what is your information on that point?

Sammy—I heard pa say the other day that they smelt it.

The Bishop Knew Him.

A story current about the bishop of London represents him as a bored listener to a windy speech. Fearing to a fellow sufferer, he said, "Do you know that speaker?"

No, was the answer.

"No," said the bishop. "He speaks under many aliases, but his name is Thomas Rot."—London News.

Literary Note.

She was a bright girl at Mount Holyoke college. It happened that day that they had hash for supper and meat balls the next morning for breakfast. "Yes," she said as she glanced at the table; "Review of Reviews this morning."—Boston Journal.

His Accent and His Country.

On one occasion during a visit to America Michael Gunn, who assisted Gilbert and Sullivan in bringing out many of their operas, was trying the voices of some candidates for the chorus. One of them sang in a sort of affected Italian broken English. The stage manager interrupted. "Look here," he said, "that accent won't do for sailors or pirates. Give us a little less Mediterranean and a little more Whitechapel."

Here Gunn turned and said: "Of what nationality are you? You don't sound Italian."

The other suddenly dropped his Italian accent and in Irish said, "Shure, Mr. Gunn, I'm from the same county as yourself."

How a Woman Loves.

Whenever I hear his name, I could faint. When I see him, I could sink into the ground. At the sight of his handwriting I growl loud from head to foot. I tremble, my heart aches so that it seems breaking in two. I long to be with him, yet when I am with him I have nothing to say. I have to escape and be miserable all alone. He is my thought all day; the last before I sleep, the first when I awake. I could cry and cry. I try to read, and I remember not a word. I like playing best, for then I can almost imagine that he is listening. But when I stop playing and look around I find myself in an empty room. It is awful. I call his name; no answers. I whisper it; still no answer. I throw myself on the ground, and I say, "Think of me, think of me; you shall; you must; you do think of me." It is great torture and a great despair. Perhaps it is a madness too. But it is my way of loving. I want to love while I live. I know for certain that he loved me—me only—the joy, I think, would kill me. Love is a poor, poor little angel, what it means? Sometimes it is a curse. From "Robert Orange," by Mrs. Craigie.

Cured by Forgetting.

This is an English story, and strange as it may seem, it made a hit when it was told at the Lamb's club, says the New York Telegraph. It was perpetrated by Lawrence O'Say, the English actor. Several members of the club spun yarns of dubious merit, but Mr. O'Say in his peculiar way began:

"Now, gentlemen, I'll relate a story. One man present pulled out his watch, and they all thought it was going to be a serial. One of two started to go, but the actor stopped them by the assurance that the story wouldn't be very long.

"There was a friend of mine in London," he said, "who was an incessant cigarette smoker. Finally he lost his memory. Then he forgot to smoke cigarettes and he got well again."

Mr. O'Say effected his escape through the assistance of a friend who knew him when he didn't tell such stories.

His Jokes No More.

"Joke" inquired one of the younger of the kind of the end of an old drummer, "what made you joke?" "Overexertion at practical joking," "Tell that to the ladies."

"That's dead right, sonny. Cracked one too many, and it left me lame for life. Ask any of the old boys. That game of cluche came in when I was traveling to what were then the new silver mining districts in Colorado. You call it poker in this state, I guess."

"Well, I had a reputation for joking those days—sort of an advertisement, you know. There was a good deal of shouting and shooting through the ceiling that night, but everybody was good natured and jolly until five hands were played without a pedro being caught. The bidders did nothing but go in the hole and were getting uglier every day."

"At last I could contain myself no longer, and announced with an uproarious laugh that I had abstracted the five spots. The general storekeeper was a friend of mine and promptly threw me from the second story window. But they are great wing-shots out there, and two of them got me. You'll notice that the hole of my left ear is gone. The other bullet was extracted from my leg under the supervision of the vigilance committee. I have been an ex-joker ever since."—Detroit Free Press.

The Story of a Picture.

Benjamin West's picture of the "Death of Nelson" is closely connected with an anecdote of the great sailor. Just before he went to sea for the last time he was present at a dinner, during which he sat between the artist and Sir William Hamilton. Nelson was expressing to Hamilton his regret that he had not, in his youth, acquired some taste for art and some discrimination in judging it. "But," said he, turning to West, "this is one picture which I do feel I never pass a shop where your 'Death of Wolfe' is in the window without being stopped by it."

West made some gracious answer to the compliment, and Nelson went on. "Why have you painted no more like this?" "Because, my lord," West replied, "there are no more subjects."

"Ah," said the sailor, "I didn't think of that."

"But, my lord," continued West, "I am afraid your interdict will yet furnish me with another such subject, and if it should I shall certainly avail myself of it."

"Will you?" said Nelson—"will you, Mr. West? Then I hope I shall die in the next battle!"

A few days later he sailed, his strangely expressed aspiration was realized, and the scene lay upon canvas.

Worse Than His Own.

A gentleman who owns one of the finest estates in the north of Ireland, while in his gardens one morning, noticed one of the laborers very badly clad and asked him:

"Why do you no better clothes than these, Mat?"

"No, in truth, yer honor, worse luck," replied Mat.

"Well, call at the house this evening on your way home," said the gentleman. "I'll leave an old suit of mine with the butler for you."

A few days later, when showing a party of visitors through the gardens, he was much annoyed to see Mat looking, if possible, more a scarecrow than ever.

"Why are you still wearing those old clothes, Mat?" he asked.

"Sure, yer honor, they're the best I have," replied Mat.

"But did you not get the suit I left for you the other day?" asked the gentleman.

"Dead, an I did, thank yer honor kindly," replied Mat. "I had to leave them at home to be mended."

A CREDIT CHECK SWINDLE.

Trick by Which One Firm Got Dollars Without Selling Shirts Waists. That there is no end to the ways of swindling upon the suffering New York public was illustrated by the failure of a small store recently. The newly appointed receiver was surprised by having many women come to his office with credit checks. These checks were for small amounts, ranging from \$1 to \$10. At first the receiver couldn't understand it, but upon investigation he learned the details of a pretty system of swindling.

The firm, it seems, had made a specialty of silk and cotton shirt waists. These they sold to the ways of swindling upon the suffering New York public was illustrated by the failure of a small store recently. The newly appointed receiver was surprised by having many women come to his office with credit checks. These checks were for small amounts, ranging from \$1 to \$10. At first the receiver couldn't understand it, but upon investigation he learned the details of a pretty system of swindling.

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How the Discussion Ended.

It was whispered in Washington that as the Montague Browns were not as rich as other members of the smart set they had to practice economy and that it did not show. But tonight there was certainly no hint of economy anywhere. There were strawberries, hothouse grown, and terrapin and canvasback duck, though both were exorbitant in the market. The handsome tablecloth had been ruthlessly cut, and through the opening a cluster of American Beauty roses, their stems on the floor, shot up two feet above the table. It was the most effective table decoration of the winter.

Mrs. Montague Brown, young, pretty and ambitious, smiled a smile of rare pleasure. She reflected complacently that she had captured a cabinet officer for this dinner. The conversation was bowling along smoothly, and she leaned forward to listen. The guest of honor was speaking:

"And still I insist that no woman can do society all the time without neglecting her household and children."

"Not at all," smiled Mrs. Montague. "I think I can persuade you to the contrary if you'll— She paused, observing that he was starting with wide open eyes at the doorway. A tiny, half clad figure stood there.

"Mamma, Mary's in the kitchen, and I can't find my nightgown," piped Montague Brown, Jr.—Harper's Magazine.

Too Extraneous by Half.

The manner in which one defaulting cashier was detected was rather peculiar. It was all due to the curiosity of the women of his neighborhood. He went to no expense in the way of dressing, they never heard of his gambling or drinking to any extent, he was a model husband, but he loved a good tale. There was nothing unusual in this, but one day when the ladies of the vicinity were discussing the best method of cooking meat, the wife of the cashier declared very innocently that her husband doted on ham, but he would not eat it unless it had been boiled in champagne. "Boiled in champagne!" exclaimed the listeners. "Heavens, how expensive! We couldn't afford to have ham on our table often if we cooked it that way."

It was soon noised all around the neighborhood that Cashier Blank was a high liver indeed, and the men began telling of his uplifted ideas of cookery. The women reached the ears of the directors of the bank, and they concluded it might be wise to investigate the accounts of such an effluence. Plain water was all they could afford for their ham, so the champagne lover was called up and subsequently released to the pen, where he had to forego his pig dish for many, many weary days.—Louisville Times.

A Long Separation.

"Come again at last, darling."

"John, dearest, you don't look a day older."

"I must. Centuries can't roll over a man's head without leaving traces."

"It was ages and ages, wasn't it? And, oh, John, how lonesome I have been!"

"You poor little wife! If ever I have to go away again, you shall go with me. But you're more beautiful than ever, sweet one. What have you been doing with yourself all the time I was away?"

"Thinking of you, darling, and longing and longing for you to come home."

"If that is the secret of beauty, I ought to have grown a perfect Adonis. And you're sure you recognized me straight off without thinking at least a minute?"

"Of course, you did dear. Do you suppose I could ever forget you?"

"Good grief! It doesn't seem possible that I've been away only since the day before yesterday, does it, sweetheart?"

"That's all right, husband! mine, than that we've actually been married a week!"

"What a miracle!"—Pearson's Weekly.

Search Medicine.

A stranger came to a provincial Scotch town one day. He looked somewhat of an invalid, and he asked one of the inhabitants to direct him to the chemist's shop.

"The chemist's shop?"

"Aye, an what kin' o' shop's that, na?"

"Why, the place where you can buy medicine."

"Elk, sir, we've na sic shop as that here."

"No? What do you do, then, when any one falls ill? Do you take no medicine?"

"Deed, no; not a drop. We're just whisky for the folk an' tar for the sheep, an' that's a' the fashions we deal in."—London Answers.

It Was Strictly Modern.

"She received a strictly up-to-date education, you say?"

"Well, rather. She hasn't a bit of practical knowledge about household affairs, but she has more theories than you could get in a book, and she can talk about parliamentary law in a way that will make her shine in any water she can pick out."—Chicago Post.

His College Days.

"Mike," said "McCling" Peck, "do you think it does a man much good to go to college?"

"Not much," replied Mcclinging Mike. "I went too a college once, an' all I got was two dictionaries an' an suit of football clothes. De swag wasn't wort' de risk."—Washington Star.

It has been found that a dozen Portuguese oysters contain about six grains of phosphoric acid. French oysters have about four grains per dozen.

The world is patiently waiting the advent of the man who can explain why a baby never wants to play in the coal scuttle until after it has been dressed for company.—Omaha World-Herald.

The Longest Word.

"Rob," said Tom, "which is the most dangerous word to pronounce in the English language?"

"Don't know, unless it's a swearing word."

"Tough!" said Tom. "It's 'stumbled,' because you are sure to get a tumble between the first and last letter."

"Ha, ha!" said Rob. "Now, I've got one for you. I found it one day in the paper. Which is the longest word in the English language?"

"Incomprehensibility," said Tom promptly.

"No, sir; it's 'smiles,' because there's a whole mile between the first and last letter."

"Ho, ho!" cried Tom, "that's nonsense. I know a word that has over three miles between its beginning and ending."

"What's that?" asked Rob faintly.

"Belonguered," said Tom.—Pearson's Magazine.

OYSTER? HUNGRY?

If you want the best Oysters on the Paris Market, call on us.

Of course, we have everything that goes along